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TO PLAN THE LABORS OF DOMESTIC EASE.....BENEATH THE SACRED SHADE OF GENTLE PEACE.
PLEDG'D TO NO PARTY'S ARBITRARY SWAY.....I FOLLOW TRUTH WHERE E'ER IT LEADS THE WAY.

PHILADELPHIA, SEVENTH-DAY, TENTH MONTH 6, 1804.

ESSAYS.

DEFENCE OF GHOSTS!!

"Not that fam'd ghost, which in presaging sound
Call'd Brutus to Philippi's fatal ground;
Nor can Tiberius Gracchus' gory shade
These ever-doubting disputants persuade.—
O might some ghost at dead of night appear,
And make you own conviction by your fear!"

GAY.

PERHAPS no person ever existed, who has not, at some period of mature life, and under particular circumstances, experienced emotions of timidity from the idea of *apparitions*. However those who pretend to wisdom and illumination may affect to ridicule the notion of their existence, as originating in ignorance and superstition, few, if any, are proof against the fears which those airy beings excite. The possibility of their existence is undeniable; and the evidence of their having existed in all ages, and in all countries, is such, as would be more than sufficient to establish any point, in any court of justice.

"That the dead are seen no more," says Dr. JOHNSON, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages, and of all nations. There are no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which perhaps prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth: those that never heard of one another, would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

After this testimony in favor of the hypothesis by so respectable and learned a personage, its belief cannot be pronounced childishness or folly; and the subject deserves to be opposed with other weapons than that of ridicule.

The ancients were so far from discrediting the general belief, that one of their philosophers, [*Lucretius*] has attempted to account for the appearance of *spectres* on philosophical principles. But philosophy can furnish no satisfactory explanation. Arguments on this subject, deduced from natural principles, bear the marks of weakness and absurdity.

As we are totally unacquainted with the manner in which spirits exist, separate from the body, it is impossible for us to reason clearly on the subject. How immaterial beings can become perceptible to the sight, and impress us, through the medium of our senses, with ideas of color, shape, and motion, is to us, indeed, incomprehensible; but the incomprehensible does not always involve the impossible, or even the improbable. The absolute *immateriality* of spectres, admitting they exist, cannot be indisputably established.

That very few of the stories, always in circulation, are founded in truth, or that many occurrences of this nature which cannot be explained, are nevertheless not supernatural, we do not pretend to deny. It is perhaps owing to the existence of so many tales of the marvellous, which are either known to be totally fabulous, or are easily accounted for, that men of sense, in the present age, have withheld their assent from the truth of *any*, however credibly supported. Be this as it may, there are clear and minute accounts of appearances and events, which, though so wonderful as almost to stagger belief, yet are upheld with such force and multiplicity of evidence, as to compel us to doubt, if not to believe; and though some are determined they *will not* be convinced, yet they find it impossible *to render a reason*.

If our philosophy teaches us, that each planet in the solar system, as well as our earth, is inhabited by intellectual beings, although some are exposed to the most intense heat, and others are almost beyond the reach of the solar rays, shall we, while we readily assent to this hypothesis, refuse to credit another, which is far more consistent with probability, and is infinitely better supported by evidence? Is not the doctrine of *ghosts* supported by scripture, as well as by experience?—Witness the ghost of Samuel. What christian, then, shall presume to deny, that spectres *have been* exhibited to human sight, or that they may not *now* be so exhibited for certain wise and special purposes? L'OMBRE.

Salem, September 11.

[*Boston Weekly Mag.*

ON TIME.

TO a considerate mind, it must be a matter of very serious and extraordinary deliberation, that creatures who are to be rewarded or punished in another world, as they either conduct themselves according to, or neglect the precepts of, religion in this, should wantonly fling away any of that precarious time, which, by pious and benevolent exertions, might be brought to so advantageous an account, not only in point of present peace, but of future and eternal bliss.

The life of man is limited to three score years and ten; and though some few arrive at a more advanced period of existence, yet how many of our fellow-creatures go to the land where all things are forgotten, even before they have lived half the years appointed to man upon earth! Some in the flower of infancy, some in the bloom of youth, and others in the prime of manhood. It is the present moment only we can call our own: before to-morrows sun shall gild the horizon, all our earthly prospects may be closed; the cold hand of Death may have arrested our progress; and nothing will then be left of what once was young, gay, and beautiful, but a lifeless lump of clay. Before to-morrow's dawn, the tongue, but a few day's since so eloquent in the praise of virtue; the dear relation, on whose lips we so often hang with profit and delight, whose sparkling eye beams forth in all the spendor of health and peace, may be called upon to change this mortal for an immortal and incorruptible inheritance. In short, so ignorant are we of the mysterious ways of providence, that we know not one moment what the next may bring forth.

"Where is to-morrow?—in another world.
"For numbers this is certain; the reverse
"Is sure to none."

There are a description of persons in the world, who, without any intention of denying the doctrines of the gospel, can scarcely be said to believe in them, since their faith is in no degree demonstrated in their lives: they do not, perhaps, give themselves up to any flagrant vices, or gross immoralities; but they live in the gay circles of life, without paying any attention to the important duties of religion, without making the scriptures the rule of their faith and manners, the object of their most serious study, and the sure rock whereon to rest their eternal hopes. With too many of these persons life rolls away in a course of shapeless idleness; its recreations constitute its chief business; amusements are multiplied, combined, and varied, to fill up the void of a listless and languid life; and, by a judicious use of these different resources, there is often a kind of settled sober plan of dissipation; in which, with all imaginable decency, year after year, life wears away in unprofitable vacancy; and yet these infatuated beings willingly persuade themselves they have no occasion to be alarmed; they therefore continue indolently to glide down the stream of life, without any apprehension of the consequences.

The class of persons above mentioned (how willingly would I flatter myself the votaries of their philosophy are not very numerous!) pay but little attention to the duties of that sacred day, which all mankind are commanded to keep holy. Are they attentively employed in studying the word of God, in meditating upon his perfections, his attributes, and mercies?—Are the more affluent relieving the wants of the poor and distressed, instructing the illiterate, and cloathing the naked? Are the better informed pouring the balm of religious consolation into the afflicted bosoms of the widow and the orphan? Would to heaven it were so! But, alas! so entirely opposite is the line of conduct they pursue, that Sunday with them, to say the best of it, is "but a *heavy* day;" and it is by no means uncommon for parties to meet where it is not even pretended that the discourse turns upon religious topics; and many who will not engage in light amusements and parties, "allow themselves to fancy that the name of *sacred music* sanctifies the diversion" of that evil, now so prevalent in the more polished circles of society, Sunday concerts, so called. A specious mask truly! and they who are allured by it, come not seldom under the description of what the world calls "*good sort of people!*" who, under the pretended sanction of a religious exercise, neglect their families, and suffer their servants to be deprived of the Christian privilege of attending the house of the Lord, and in cultivating the tempers and dispositions which the gospel inculcates. It is not our duty to judge and to condemn; but let us, at least, earnestly endeavor to rouse the idle and profane from their lethargy; and, if possible, by entreaty, lead them to a sense of their duty. It is a melancholy and deeply afflicting reflection, that there should be a creature found possessed of rational faculties, and engaged in a trial in which his eternal interest is at stake, designedly dissipating half the fleeting moments of so short a period of existence as this life, even when extended beyond its common duration, is. If, reader, thou art thus indolently and unprofitably wasting the precious hours of thy life, neglecting religious duties, and drawing down upon thyself the wrathful displeasure of thy heavenly Parent, while it is yet day, direct thy thoughts, I beseech thee, to the contemplation of the character of thy Saviour and Redeemer: behold him, in the impressive language of holy writ, going about doing good; behold him healing the afflicted, instructing the ignorant, and keeping himself unspotted from the world.

If, then, we would grow in Christian principles, we must be much conversant in the doctrines of the Gospel; neither business nor pleasure must induce us to relinquish this divine study: it will assuredly instruct us how to obtain true peace, which can only be purchased by the strict performance of every moral and religious duty: we shall find this the most invigorating and refreshing occupation that can engage our thoughts, as it relates to ourselves, our duties, and expectancies.

"What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
"Is virtue's prize."

Let us, then, instead of passing our sojourning here in unmeaning conversations, and frivolous pursuits, reflect upon the uncertainty of life, and the strict account we must one day give before the awful tribunal of the Deity: and if these considerations have their due weight, they will deeply impress our minds with a sense of religion, will raise our thoughts from the low and shallow pursuits of earthly things, and direct them with confidence to the fountain of living waters: thus shall we lose our relish for the pomps and vanities of life, and become diligent in making provision for eternity: and of this truth let us all be fully assured, that a strict attention to religion, will render us better qualified to perform the most complicated duties of active life, and that the most active life will always afford sufficient leisure for the public and private exercise of religious duties. By such conduct we shall assuredly obtain peace in this life, in despight of the rubs of the world; and a crown of never-fading felicity in the one to which we are all hastening. Let us, then, by an undeviating and sedulous attention to the precepts of the Gospel, endeavor to redeem the time, and, by unfeigned repentance, to secure the approbation of that adorable Being, "who ever liveth to make intercession for us." Thus shall we, in all the various vicissitudes and afflictions to which we are exposed, conduct ourselves with composure and patience, pass through this world with contentment and serenity as our constant companions;

"And as the evening of our lives shall close,
"The peaceful evening, hail, with firmest hopes,
"The approaching dawn of everlasting day."

G. B.

SLAVERY.

The following remarks on the detestable practice of "trafficking in human flesh," *we have extracted from "A Valedictory Discourse delivered before the Cincinnati of Connecticut, at the Dissolution of the Society. By* DAVID HUMPHREYS, *Esq." To show our detestation of this inhuman vice, we shall embrace every opportunity, of laying before our readers occasional extracts on this political evil; and endeavor to paint in glowing colors, for the perusal of its advocates, the unhappy African torn from his native country! parents forever separated from children—husbands from wives! and bereft of* HOPE, *in the frenzy of despair, plunging themselves into a watery grave! and then ask,*

"Does not the sight plant daggers in your bosoms?"

"Is slavery less slavery in a Christian than a Mahometan Country? I entreat your attention, while I plead the general cause of humanity. In such a cause, it is right to appeal to your sensibility as well as reason. It is now no longer time to flatter petty tyrants, by acknowledging that colour constitutes a legitimate title, for holding men in abject and perpetual bondage. In support of this usurpation, what can be urged but the law of the strongest? Yet societies for promoting the abolition of negro-slavery, must act with great wisdom and caution, or they will be in danger of doing more mischief than good. They are engaged in opening a passage hedged on every side with thorns, and obsructed by almost insurmountable obstacles. It is difficult to answer the initial question, "What is to be done with hereditary slaves? Owing to the unfortunate treatment to which they have been destined by birth, most of them are without instruction and without morality!---- Can they suddenly be made fit subjects for liberation? I own I am no friend to sudden manumission—because it would be doing much injury to the proprietors; and because the condition of the slaves, destitute of forethought, industry, and a sense of moral obligations, would perhaps be but little mended. And the community could not fail to suffer by their idleness, penury, and vice. It was to have been hoped, that the current of public opinions, and the concurrence of testamentary bequests, would have prepared the blacks by degrees, for tasting the cup of liberty, without intoxication. Oh! gracious heaven! must the shackles be yet riveted on endless generations? Certainly many philanthropic possessors of slaves have united with others, in the hope that some prudent means might be devised for gradual emancipation. But the introduction of thousands of native Africans into South-Carolina, the present year, has at least postponed the accomplishment of that hope! Poor and unsatisfactory indeed, is the excuse that these will only supply the place of the negroes, who would have been brought there from Maryland and Virginia. In one case, the number of slaves in the country remained the same;----in the other, it is augmented. Against this augmentation, this sin of a scarlet die, I dare to raise my voice. I am sensible that what I now say, cannot be confined to this audience. Printing, that marvellous improvement on the invention of the ancients for communicating their ideas in writing; that magical power of the moderns, for speaking, if the expression may be permitted, with more facility to the most distant eye, sends forth articulated sounds to the utmost corners of the earth. Fearless of offending, I have long ago attacked tyranny in its strong holds. If sentiment and principle can be more forcibly impressed by poetry than prose, I will again use the former, without apology, in carrying them home to the bosoms of my old companions in arms.

HEARD ye a voice within, instinctive urge,
To check the progress of unpitying war,
Wrench from the grasp of tyranny his scourge,
And crush ambition in his crimson car?

That voice we heard, when Britain's long fam'd host
Our yeomen, new to arms, in battle smote;
In love of country every passion lost,
Our ravish'd souls to liberty devote.

If we to Heav'n our unavailing vows
For Poland rais'd—besought Heav'n's righteous Lord,
To rend the wreath from Austria's, Prussia's brows,
And break of baneful leagues the *threefold cord;

With horror mark'd the Empress of the North,
Her wheels yet reeking o'er the †mooned host,
Rouse the dull Russ, and call the Cossac forth
From darksome dens of everlasting frost:

If we on changeful Gaul, not coldly gaz'd
But lov'd the fair reforms by patriots plann'd
Till, fir'd by crimes, our indignation blaz'd,
That partizans enrag'd should rule the land:

If to COLUMBIA'S sons a tear I ow'd,
Her captive seamen chain'd at Algiers long;
If for their wrongs, my eyes, a fountain, flow'd,
And thunder'd from my tongue the wrathful song

Of every class, ye proud oppressors! hear!
Monarchs and demagogues who realms enslave,
Or ye who purchase bondmen* far and near,
I hate your conduct, and your anger brave.

And chief, ye despots! to the strain attend!
Shall coward millions to your will succumb!
At your capracious nod, all nations bend,
Or for resistance find a sudden tomb?

To Heav'n be praise!—that Gothic spell is o'er
When, lull'd by witcheries, Europe slept supine,
And only dream'd of superstitious lore,
Prescriptive pow'r and regal rights divine.

Strange seems to Beings groping dim in dust,
That HE, whose light the dark enchantment broke,
At times (his ways inscrutable as just)
Still suffers man to smart beneath a yoke.

Ah! why will HE, blest Arbiter on high,
His bow with thunder charg'd and bickering fire,
Not bare his arm to bid his terrors fly,
And earth's fierce troublers at his frown expire!

Though conscience oft, their raging pride to tame,
Shall make them curse their triumphs earn'd by guilt,
Compell'd to hate their very idol, fame,
And drink, inebriate, of the blood they spilt:

A retribution in unjoyous climes,
Remains to make the moral scheme complete—
Be joyful, earth! unburden'd of their crimes;
And, Hell! rise grim, their coming shades to greet

And less shall plagues pursue those planter-lords,
Who, for proud wealth in slaves, their lot applaud;
Yet boast of liberty with guileful words,
And preach "all men were equals made by GOD"?

Are ye the lords who treat your slaves as brutes?
Heav'ns! how your deeds and doctrines disagree!
Speak not of freedom!—for your lip pollutes
Your holy oath, "that man by birth is free."

Blush not these men, to government elect,
Thy cause, Equality! who quaintly plead—
And talk of *declarations* that protect
Man's natural rights—nor name that hateful deed

Themselves have done—to hold their blacks enthrall'd,
To dole no daily †food save stinted corn—

* The coalition of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, for the partition of Poland.

† Few readers will have occasion to be informed, that the banners of the Ottoman troops have crescent moons, for their armorial emblems.

* This refers to the late *repeal* of the law in South Carolina, which prohibited the importation of slaves. Since which, thousands have been introduced into that State from Africa.

† One peck of Indian corn, in the grain, is the only food allowed to each slave for seven days, on many plantations.

With whips to drive them, faint, with fetters gall'd—
To tasks unending—and of hope forlorn ?

Say, then, perfidious !—say, are ye alone—
Exclusive patriots ?—Freedom's only friends ?
Your eye-balls cas'd in scales, your hearts in stone,
On you the frenzying curse of Heav'n descends,

Ruin's forerunner ! every art ye use
To cheat the crowd with liberty's sweet name ;
With hypocritic cant promote your views,
Increase* your slaves, and glory in your shame.

Was it for this, incomparably bold,
Led by our godlike chief, through climates far,
We brav'd the summer's heat, the winter's cold,
Breasting the dreadful enginery of war.

Through eight long years, in many a gory field,
High in the van, the starry flag unfurl'd,
Till peace (with heroe's blood the treaty seal'd)
Confirm'd man's equal rights in this new world ?

What ! while we hear the clank of slavery's chains,
Mix'd with discordant sounds of patriot zeal ;
While love of freedom throbs through veteran veins,
For Afric's sons shall we no pity feel ?

How long in vain shall Afric's race be mourn'd ?
In hopeless bondage, unredeem'd, how long ?
No hand to help—with cries for justice spurn'd—
Cringe at the cutting of the penal thong ?

Ye planters ! bashaws ! cast one kind regard
On blacks from Guinea brought for barter'd gold ;
Or, blind to interest as of feeling hard,
Can ye with cruel scorn their woes behold ?

Will no good angel on the Lybean shore,
Dash the curst vessel destin'd to our climes ;
Ere yet augmented slaves with flames and gore
Retort their wrongs, and measure crimes for crimes ?

Behold !—oh, horror !—HAYTI's bloody strand !
Mark ! how the lesson erst by white-men giv'n,
Not vainly taught the barb'rous sable band,
To claim the *birth-right* held alone from Heav'n.

Dark rose the negroes—'twas the dread resolve,
That *right* to rescue, or with *it* expire,
Bade the strong bolts that bound their flesh dissolve,
Like flaxen cords before devouring fire.

Once white men triumph'd—black men now are free ;
While fearful noises fluctuate on the wind,
Late victors fly for safety to the sea,
And not a haughty master lags behind.

Thou blot on nature, Slavery ! disappear !
Yet, monster ! yet, a moment, from thy mouth,
Shall gall and venom tinge the verdant year,
And blast the glories of the boasted South.

Then, bright thro' bursting clouds, the aurora trace !
Though long the night, and murky low'r'd the sky,
Lift up your heads ! ye much enduring race !
Lift up your heads ! for your redemption's nigh.

* There are individuals in the United States, who hold more of their fellow-creatures in slavery, than either of the Barbary Powers.

MISCELLANY.

LE PETIT TRIANON.

THE enchanting little palace and grounds of the late queen, distance from Versailles about two miles, called the *Petit Trianon* to which she very justly gave the appellation of her "little palace of taste." Here, fatigued with the splendors of royalty, she threw aside all its appearances, and gave herself up to the elegant pleasures of rural life. It is a princely establishment in miniature. It consists of a small palace, a chapel, an opera house, out offices, and stables, a little park, and pleasure grounds : the latter of which are still charming, altho' the fascinating eye and tasteful hand of their but too volatile mistress no longer pervade, cherish and direct their growth and beauty. By that reverse of fortune which the revolution has familiarized the Petit Trianon is let out by the government to a Restaurateur. All the rooms but one in this house were pre-occupied, on the day of our visit, in consequence of which we were obliged to dine in the former little bedroom of the queen, where, like the Idalian goddess, she used to sleep in a suspended basket of roses. The apertures in the ceiling and wainscot, to which the elegant furniture of this little room of repose had once adhered, are still visible.

After dinner we hastened through our coffee, and proceeded to the gardens.—After winding through gravelled walks, embowred by the most exquisite and costly shrubs, we entered the elegant temple of Cupid, from which the favorite of mankind had been unwillingly and rudely expelled, as appeared by the fragments of his pedestal.

Thy wrongs, little God ! shall be revenged by thy fair friend, Pity. Those who treated thee thus, shall suffer in their turn, and she shall not console them !

From the temple we passed through the most romantic avenues, to a range of rural buildings, called the queen's farm, the dairy, the mill, and the woodmen's cottages, which during the queen's residence at the Petit Trianon, were occupied by the most elegant and accomplished young noblemen of the court. In front of them, a lake, terminated on one side by a rustic tower, spreads itself.—These buildings are much neglected, and are falling into a rapid ruin.

In other times, when neatness and order reigned throughout this Elysian scenery, and gracefully spread its luxuriant beauties at the feet of his former captivating owner, upon the mirror of that lake, now filled with reeds and sedges, in elegant little pleasure boats, the illustrious party was accustomed to enjoy the freshness of the evening, to fill the surrounding groves with the melody of the song which was faintly answered by the tender flute, whose musician was concealed in that rustic tower, whose graceful base the honeysuckle and eglantine no longer encircle, and whose winding access, once decorated with flowers of the richest beauty and perfume, is now overgrown with moss, decayed, and falling piece-meal to the ground.

Near the farm, in corresponding pleasure grounds, the miller's house particularly impressed us with delight. All its characteristics were elegantly observed. A rivulet still runs on one side of it, which used to turn a little wheel to complete the illusion. The apartments, which must have been enchanting, now present nothing but gaping beams, broken ceilings, and shattered casements. The wainscots of its little cabinets, exhibit only a tablet upon which are rudely pencilled, the motly initials, love verses, and memorandums of its various visitors.

The shade of the ivy, which, upon all occasions, seems destined to perform the last offices of the departed monuments of human ingenuity, has here exercised its gloomy function. Whilst we were roving about we were obliged to take refuge from a thunder storm, in what appeared to us a mere barn ; upon our entering it, we found it to be an elegant little ball-room, much disfigured, and greened over by damp and neglect.

In other parts of this *Petit Paradise* are caves of artificial rock, which have been formed at an immense expence, in which were formerly beds of moss, and through which clear streams of water glided. Belvidere temples and scattered cottages, each differing from its neighbor in character, but all according in taste and beauty. The opera house, which stands alone, is a miniature of the splendid one in the palace of Versailles.

The sylven ball room, in an oblong square lined with beautiful treillages, surmounted with vases of flowers. The top is open. When the queen gave her balls here, the ground was covered with tem-

porary flooring, and the whole was brilliantly lighted. As we passed by the palace, we saw, in the queen's little library, several persons walking.

Could the enchanting beauty of Austria, and the once incensed idol of the gay and the gallant, arise from her untimely tomb, and behold her most sacred recesses of delight thus rudely exposed, and converted into scenes of low and holiday festivity—the temples which she designed, defaced—their statues overthrown, her walks overgrown and entangled, the clear mirror of the winding lake, upon the placid surface of which once shone the reflected form of the Belvidere, and the retreats of elegant taste, covered with the reedy greenness of the standing pool, and all the fairy fabric of her graceful fancy thus dissolving in decay; the devoted hapless Marie would add another sigh to the many which her aching heart has already heaved!

[*Carr's Stranger in France.*

An Instance of strong Superstitious Credulity, said to be an Authentic Fact.

A widow lately at Paris, aged about 63, who lodged in a two pair of stairs floor, in the Rue da la Ferronerie, with only a maid servant, was accustomed to spend several hours every day before the altar dedicated to St. Paul in a neighboring church. Some villains observing her extreme bigotry, resolved, as she was very rich, to share her wealth.—One of them, accordingly, took the opportunity to conceal himself behind the carved work of the altar, and, when no person but the old lady was there, in the dusk of the evening, he contrived to throw a letter just before her. She took it up, and, not perceiving any one near her, supposed it came by a miracle. In this she was the more confirmed, when she found it signed Paul the Apostle, expressing the satisfaction he received by her prayers addressed to him, when so many newly canonized Saints engrossed the devotion of the world, and robbed the primitive Saints of their wonted adoration; and to shew his regard for the devotee, he promised to come from Heaven, with the Angel Gabriel, and sup with her at eight o'clock in the evening. It seems scarcely credible, that any one could be deceived by so gross a fraud, yet to what length of credulity will not superstition carry a weak mind?—The infatuated lady believed the whole; and rose from her knees in transport, to prepare an entertainment for her heavenly guests.

The supper being bespoke, and the side-board set out to the best advantage, she thought that her own plate, worth about 400l. did not make so elegant an appearance as might be wished; and therefore sent to her brother, a counsellor in the Parliament of Paris, to borrow all his plate. The maid, however, was charged not to disclose the occasion; but only to say, that she had company to supper, and would be obliged to him, if he would lend his plate for that evening. The Counsellor, surprised at the application, well knowing his sister's frugal life, began to suspect that she was enamoured of some fortune-hunter, who might marry her, and thus deprive his family of what he expected at his sister's death. He therefore positively refused to send the plate, unless the maid would tell him what guests were expected.----- The girl, alarmed for her mistress' honor, declared, that her pious lady had no thoughts of a husband; but St. Paul having sent her a letter from Heaven, promising that he and the Angel Gabriel would sup with her, she wanted to make the entertainment as elegant as possible.

The Counsellor immediately suspected that some villains had imposed on her, and sending the maid with the plate, proceeded directly to the Commissary of that quarter. On the magistrate's going with him to a house adjoining, they saw, just before eight o'clock, a tall man, dressed in long vestments, with a white beard, and a young man in white, with large wings at his shoulders, alight from a hackney coach, and go up to his sister's apartments.

The Commissary immediately ordered twelve of the police guards to post themselves on the stairs, while he knocked at the door, and desired admittance. The lady replied, that she had company, and could not speak to any one. The Commissary answered, that he must come in, for that he was Saint Peter, and had come to ask Saint Paul and the Angel Gabriel, how they came out of Heaven without his knowledge. The *divine* visitors were astonished at this, not expecting any more Saints to join them; but the lady overjoyed at having so great an Apostle with her, ran eagerly to the door, when the Commissary, her brother, and the police guards rushed in, presented their muskets, seized her guests, and conducted them to prison.

On searching the criminals, two cords, a razor, and a pistol, were found in St. Paul's pocket, and a gag in that of the Angel Gabriel. Three days after, the trial came on;—when they pleaded in their defence, that one was a soldier in the French infantry, and the other a barber's apprentice—that they had no other design than to procure a good supper at the widow's expence—that it being carnival time, they had borrowed these dresses, and the soldier having picked up the two cords, put them into his pocket—that the razor was that with which he had constantly shaved himself—that the pistol was to defend them from any insults to which their strange habits might expose them in going home—and that the apprentice, whose master was a tooth-drawer, merely had the gag, which they sometimes used in their business.—These excuses, frivolous as they were, proved of some avail; and as they had manifested no evil design by an *overt act*, they were both acquitted.

But the Counsellor, who foresaw what might happen, through the defect of evidence, had provided another stroke for them. No sooner, therefore, were they discharged from the civil power, than the Apparitor of the Arch-Bishop of Paris immediately seized them, and conveyed them to the Ecclesiastical prison. In three days more they were tried, and convicted of a most scandalous profanation, by assuming to themselves the names, characters, and appearances of a holy Apostle, and a blessed Angel, with an intent to deceive a pious and well-meaning woman, and to the scandal of religion. They were accordingly condemned to be publicly whipped, burnt on the shoulder with a hot iron, and sent to the gallies for fourteen years. A sentence which was in a few days faithfully put in execution.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

DURING an eruption of Mount Ætna, many years since, the danger it occasioned to the inhabitants of the adjacent country became very imminent, and the flames flying about, they were obliged to retire to a greater distance. Amidst the hurry and confusion of such a scene (every one flying, and carrying away whatever they deemed most precious) two sons, the one named Anapias, the other Amphinomus, in the height of their solicitude for the preservation of their wealth and goods, reflected their father and mother, who, being both very

old, were unable to save themselves by flight. Filial affection set aside every other consideration ; and, " Where (cried the generous youths) shall we find a more precious treasure than those who begat and gave us being?" This said, the one took up his father on his shoulders, the other his mother, and so made their way through the smoke and flames. The fact struck all beholders with the highest admiration ; and they and their posterity ever after called the path they took in their retreat, " The field of the Pious," in memory of this pleasing accident.

PARENTAL DUTY.

THE Emperor Decimus, intending and desiring to place the crown on the head of Decius his son, the young prince refused it in the most strenuous manner, saying, " I am afraid, lest, being made an emperor, I should forget that I am a son. I had rather be no emperor, and a dutiful son, than an emperor, and such a son as hath forsaken his due obedience. Let then my father bear the rule; and let this only be *my* empire—to obey with all humility, and to fulfill whatsoever he shall command me." Thus the solemnity was waved, and the young man was not crowned ; unless mankind shall say that this signal piety towards an indulgent parent was a more glorious diadem than that which consisted merely of gold and jewels.

FEMALE COURAGE.

WITH respect to courage, the author of *L'Apologie de beau Sexe*, relates a story, which if true, has seldom been equalled by man. A servant girl of Lisle, remarkable for her fearless disposition, laid a wager, that she would go into a charnel-house at midnight, without a light, and bring from thence a dead man's skull.—Accordingly at the time appointed, she went ; but the person with whom she had made the bet, intending to terrify her, had gone before, and hid himself in the place. When he heard her descend, and take up the skull, he called out, in a hollow, dismal voice, " Leave me my head!" The girl, instead of discovering any symtoms of horror or affright, very coolly laid it down, and said, " Well, there it is, then!" and took up another ; upon which the voice again repeated, " Leave me my head!" But the heroic girl, observing it was the same voice that had called before, answered in her country dialect, " Nea, nea, friend, yo' connot ha' two yeads!"

SOLILOQUY

Of the old Lady who sells apples and pears on the steps of the Branch Bank.

Alas, how mysterious are the ways of Heaven !—three score years are the days of my pilgrimage, and on these cold steps are my aged limbs reclined, to earn a scanty subsistence in the last moments of my life.—While sitting in this bleak situation, and exposed to the inclemency of the season, with a little assortment of pears, nuts, and apples, how many enter into this capacious building regardless of the small pittance allotted me for the solace of my declining years. My whole stock is not ten dollars value, and from these profits my expences of rent, and maintenance are to be obtained.

Gracious Heaven ! on a quarter day, how many throng the avenues to this deposit of riches, to receive their dividends, and come out with countenances elated with joy, while I sit almost disconsolate, mourning over the decay of my precarious property. If an apple rots on my hand, or a pear becomes unpalatable from long keeping, my stock experiences a depreciation of excessive magnitude.—One man descends from those lofty steps, complaining that his note is not discounted—another, that he is obliged to give one or two per cent. per month for the maintenance of his credit ;—while another group are constantly prowling to and fro, and oftentimes are overheard, while exulting on the premiums they have received from the unfortunate individuals who have thrown themselves on their mercy.

Thank God my happiness does not depend on riches, for among the whole throng, I can often hear the cries of wretchedness :—my basket, and a few bottles, are my only places of *deposit ;* if, in the course of my daily *negociation*, my little stock experiences no essential injury, and a trifling profit arises from my discounts, I retire to my lonely habitation, eat my homely meal with satisfaction, and repose myself under the protecting care of Him, who is no respecter of persons. I have no occasion to barricade my property with huge stones from afar, but place my baskets, &c. in my room, and while sleeping, am not terrified with conflagration, or alarmed by theives breaking through to steal.

Alas, what is the happiness of man, who places his hopes on riches ! A poor old woman cannot but commiserate your misfortunes. [*Boston Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE.

The late lord Botetout, soon after voting for the *cider tax*, observed as he was travelling through *Hereford*, that the populace were burning him in effigy. Immediately stopping his coach, and giving a purse of guineas to the mob, he said, " *Pray* gentlemen, if you will burn me, *burn me like a gentleman;* don't *let me linger*. I see you have not faggots enough."

REMARKABLE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY PESTILENCE.

" IN the month of July, 17**, a very corpulent lady died at —— in ——. Before her death, she begged as a particular favor to be buried in the parochial church. She had died on Wednesday, and on the following Saturday was buried according to her desire. The next day the clergyman preached her funeral sermon; the weather was uncommonly hot; and it ought to be observed, that for several months preceding her death, a great drought had prevailed, not a drop of rain had fallen, and consequently it was an uncommon sultry season. The succeeding Sunday, a week after the body had been buried, the Protestant clergyman had a very full congregation, upwards of nine hundred persons attending, that being the day for administering the holy sacrament. The weather still continuing very hot, many were obliged, during the service, to walk out for a little while to prevent their fainting, whilst some had actually fainted away. It is the custom in Germany, that when people wish to receive the sacrament, they neither eat nor drink until the ceremony is entirely over.

" The worthy clergyman preached about an hour and a quarter ; he then consecrated the bread and wine, which ought to be uncovered during the ceremony.—There were about 180 communicants. A quarter of an hour after the ceremony, before they had quitted the church, more than 60 of the communicants were taken ill ; several died in the most violent agonies ; others of a more vigorous constitution, survived by the help of medical assistance : a most violent cnnsternation pervaded amongst the whole congregation, and throughout the town. It was

concluded that the wine had been poisoned, and so it was generally believed.—The sacristan, and several others belonging to the vestry, were immediately arrested and put in irons.

"The clergyman on the succeeding Sunday, preached with a great deal of enthusiasism, and pointed out to the congregation several others concerned in the plot. This enthusiastic sermon, I am sorry to say, is in print; as also the violent proceedings of the clergyman and the magistrate against many of the unfortunate people arrested. The persons accused underwent very great hardships: during the space of a week they were confined in a dungeon, and some of them were put to the torture, but still persisted in their innocence.

"On the Sunday following, the magistrate ordered that a chalice of wine, uncovered, should be placed for the space of an hour upon the altar, which had scarcely elapsed, when they beheld the wine filled with myriads of insects; and, by tracing whence they came, it was at length perceived by the rays of the sun, that they issued from the grave of the lady who had been buried the preceding fortnight. The people not belonging to the vestry were dismissed, and four men were employed to open the grave and the coffin; in doing which, two of them dropped down and expired on the spot, and the other two were only saved by the utmost exertion of medical talents. It is beyond the power of words to describe the horrid sight of the corpse when the coffin was opened. The whole was an entire mass of putrefaction; and it was now clearly demonstrated, that the numerous insects, both large and small, together with the effluvia which had issued from the body, had caused this pestilential infection, which was, a week before, attributed to poison. I am happy to add, that, on this discovery, the persons accused were instantly liberated, and every atonement made by the clergyman and magistrate for their misguided conduct."

[Render's Tour in Germany.

ACCOUNT OF AN EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

[Extracted from "Les Causes Celebres."]

TWO Parisian merchants, strongly united in friendship, had each one child of different sexes, who early contracted a strong inclination for each other, which was cherished by the parents, and they were flattered with the expectations of being joined together for life. Unfortunately, at the time they thought themselves on the point of completing this long-wished-for union, a man, far advanced in years, and possessed of an immense fortune, cast his eyes on the young lady, and made honorable proposals; her parents could not resist the temptation of a son-in-law in such affluent circumstances, and forced her to comply. As soon as the knot was tied, she strictly enjoined her former lover never to see her, and patiently submitted to her fate: but the anxiety of her mind preyed on her body, which threw her into a lingering disorder, that apparently carried her off, and she was consigned to her grave. As soon as this melancholy event reached the lover, his affliction was doubled, being deprived of all hopes of her widowhood; but recollecting, that, in her youth, she had been for some time in a lethargy, his hopes revived, and hurried him to the place of her burial, where a good bribe procured him the sexton's permission to dig her up, which he performed, and removed her to a place of safety, where, by proper methods, he revived the almost extinguished spark of life. Great was her surprize at finding the state she had been in; and probably as great was her pleasure, at the means by which she had been recalled from the grave. As soon as she was sufficiently recovered, the lover laid his claim, and his reasons, supported by a strong inclination on her side, were too strong for her to resist; but as France was no longer a place of safety for them, they agreed to remove to England, where they continued ten years, when a strong inclination of revisiting their native country seized them, which they thought they might safely gratify, and accordingly performed their voyage.

The lady was so unfortunate as to be known by her old husband, whom she met in a public walk, and all her endeavors to disguise herself were ineffectual: he laid his claim to her before a court of justice, and the lover defended his right, alledging, the husband, by burying her, had forfeited his title, and that he had acquired a just one, by freeing her from the grave, and delivering her from the jaws of death. These reasons, whatever weight they might have in a court where love presided, seemed to have but little effect on the grave sages of the law: and the lady, with her lover, not thinking it safe to wait the determination of the court, prudently retired a second time out of the kingdom.

AMUSING.

ANCIENT LIVING.

Part of the Journal of the celebrated Elizabeth Woodville, previous to her marriage with Lord Grey. She was afterwards Queen to Edward IV. and died in confinement at Southwark, under Henry VII. in 1426. This was extracted from an ancient manuscript, preserved in Drummond Castle, and communicated to the public by lady Ruthven.

"*Monday morning.*—Rose at 4 o'clock, and helped Catherine to milk the cows; Rachael, the other dairy-maid, having scalded her hand in so bad a manner the night before. Made a poultice for Rachael, and gave Robin a penny, to get something from the apothecary.

"Six o'clock.—The buttock of beef too much boiled, and beer a little of the stalest.—*Mem.* To talk with the Cook about the first fault, and to mend the second myself, by tapping a fresh barrel directly.

"Seven o'clock.—Went to walk with the Lady, my mother, in the court-yard; fed twenty-five men and women; chid Roger severely, for expressing some ill will at attending us with broken meat.

"Eight o'clock.—Went into the paddock behind the house, with my maid Dorothy, caught Thump, the little pony, myself, and rode a matter of 6 miles, without a saddle or bridle.

"Ten o'clock—Went to dinner; John Grey, a most comely youth; but what is that to me? a virtuous maiden should be entirely under the direction of her parents. John ate but little, and stole a great many tender looks at me, said women could never be handsome, who were not good tempered. I hope my temper is not intolerable; nobody finds fault with it but Roger, and he is the most disorderly serving-man in our family.—John Grey likes white teeth: my teeth are of a pretty good color, I think; and my hair is as black as jet, though I say it; and John, if I mistake not, is of the same opinion.

Eleven o'clock—Rose from the table; the company all desirous of walking in the fields; John Grey would lift me over every stile; and twice he squeezed my hand with much vehemence. I cannot say I should have any objection to John Grey! he plays at prison base as well as any of the country gentlemen, is remarkable dutiful to his parents, my Lord and Lady, and never misses church on a Sunday.

"Three o'clock—Poor farmer Robinson's house burnt down by accidental fire; John Grey proposed a subscription among the company, for the relief of the farmer, and gave no less than four pounds for this benevolent intent. *Mem.* Never saw him look so comely as at that moment.

"Four o'clock—Went to prayers.

"Six o'clock—Fed the hogs and poultry.

"Seven o'clock—Supper on the table; delayed till that hour, on account of farmer Robinson's misfortune. *Mem.* The goose-pye too much baked, and the pork roasted to rags.

"Nine o'clock—The company fast asleep. These late hours very disagreeable; said my prayers a second time, John Grey distracted my thoughts so much the first time. Fell asleep, and dreamed of John Grey."

WEEKLY REGISTER.

LONDON, August 7.

One of the many curious facts, first given to the world by Kotzebue in his French travels, is the extraordinary account of the appearance and disappearance, in various parts of France, of a young man who personates the late DAUPHIN, and who, if not the real personage, has had the address to attach to him, with unbounded devotion, every rank of people wherever he goes.

Accounts were received from St. Bartholomews, that out of 32 sail lying there, only two rode out the storm.

By Capt. Thomas Dalton, arrived at New-York, we are informed that Mr. Pinkney, our minister at the court of the King of Spain, had received his pasports and was to leave Madrid for the United States, about the 20th of August.—The President of the United States arrived at Washington on Sunday last.

We continue to receive distressing accounts of the effects of the tremendous tempest; at Savannah they estimate their loss at a million of dollars, nearly the whole of the lower part of the town, it is said, is destroyed.

CHAMBERSBURG, (Penn.) Sept. 11.

The citizens of this place and the adjacent country, are at present visited with a species of *Ague*, unusually violent, in a more general degree, than perhaps has ever been before known in any part of America. In some instances whole families have been lying with it at one time, and but few indeed have totally escaped. In Cumberland, and some parts of this country, it is said, numbers have been carried off by a similar disease. We are happy, however, to add, that notwithstanding the great numbers that have been attacked with it in this borough and its neighborhood, not a single fatal instance has come to our knowledge.

WILKSBARRE, (Penn.) Sept. 29.

The Ague and Fever, similar to that mentioned under the Chambersburg head, now rages in this and the neighboring townships with a fury and destruction never exceeded by the Yellow Fever in Philadelphia, considering the number and situation of the inhabitants.

HYMENEAL RECORD.

On the 1st inst. Mr. *Henry Conkle*, Taylor, to the amiable Miss *Rebecca Long*, both of this city.

On the 1st, at the house of Richard Heath, Esq. in Cecil county, Maryland, *Thomas H. White* of this city, Merchant, to Miss *Maria Key Heath*, daughter of the late Daniel Heath, Esq. of the said state and county,

On the 2d, Capt. *Jethro Myrick*, to Miss *Rebecca Beckley*, both of this city.

OBITUARY.

On the 28th ult. Mr. *John Knorr*, of this city, in the 74th year of his age.

..... "Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn out wind expire so soft."

On the 2d inst. *Henry Rice*, of the firm of H. and P. Rice, booksellers, of this city.

On the 3d, of a lingering illness, *Rebecca Truman*, daughter of James Truman, aged 16 years.

On the 4th, *Esther Fullerton*, a maiden lady about 50 years of age, fell from the gable-end garret-window of a three-story house, the corner of Watkins' Alley and Third-street, and expired in a few hours.

Interments in the different burying grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, for the week ending the 29th ult. Adults, 19—Children, 23—Total, 42.

In New-York, a child aged about 4 years, died of intoxication, having accidentally got at a bottle of spirits.

TO P.

In order to terminate a controversy so very disgusting to the patrons of the Weekly Monitor, the editor must inform P. that his lengthy communication cannot be admitted. We believe that the talents of this writer might be employed to considerable advantage, and when they are, we shall be thankful for his communications.

VOLNEY's VIEW
OF THE
UNITED STATES.

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(Price 225 cents)

A VIEW of the climate and soil of the United States of America; to which is subjoined an account of Florida, of the French colony on the Sciota, and of certain colonies in Canada; with remarks on the Indian tribes.

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C. F. VOLNEY,
Member of the Conservative Senate and of the French National Institute, Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.
By C. B. BROWN;
With a preface and occasional remarks by the Translator.

This work may be safely pronounced the most ample and accurate view of the physical condition of the United States that is extant. The errors into which the author as a foreigner and a temporary observer could not fail sometimes to fall, have been carefully amended.

Sept. 22.

NOTICE.

All persons having demands against the estate of MARTHA LLEWELYN, of Lower Merrion, Montgomery County, deceased, are requested to bring forward their accounts properly arranged for settlement, to the subscriber, at No. 295, North Third Street, Philadelphia.

JONATHAN CARMALT.
9th mo. 22d, 1804.

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